Hor. So will I signiour *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd Parle, know now vpon advice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a diuell: Thin k'st thou *Horensio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition, To be whipt at the high crosse euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farr forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue too t'afresh; Sweete *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio* till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainesse do confesse to thee
That art to mee as secret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrle:

Counsaile

Counsail me *Tranio*, for I know
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou
Tra. Master it is no time to chi
Affection is not rated from the hea
If loue haue touch'd you, naught
Redime te captam quam queas min
Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forw
The rest will comfort, for thy cour
Tra. Master, you look'd so lon
Perhaps you mark'd not what's th
Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweete bea
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* h
That made great *Ioue* to humble
When with his knees he kist the C
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'
Began to scold, and raise vp such a
That mortal eares might hardly in
Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrall
And with her breath she did perfu
Sacred and sweete was all I saw in
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir
I pray you awake sir: if you loue
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieu
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew
That till the Father rid his hands
Master, your loue must liue a mai
And therefore has he closely meu'
Because she will not be annoy'd w
Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruel
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke
To get her cuning Schoolemasters
Tra. I marrie am I sir, and no
Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iun
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoole-ma
And vndertake the teaching of the
That's your deuice.

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